1889

L'EXPOSITION
UNIVERSELLE

DONATED BY
THE LARRY ZIM
WORLD'S • FAIR • COLLECTION

PARIS, 1889

THE CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE

EDITION DE LUXE

LIVRAISON SIX

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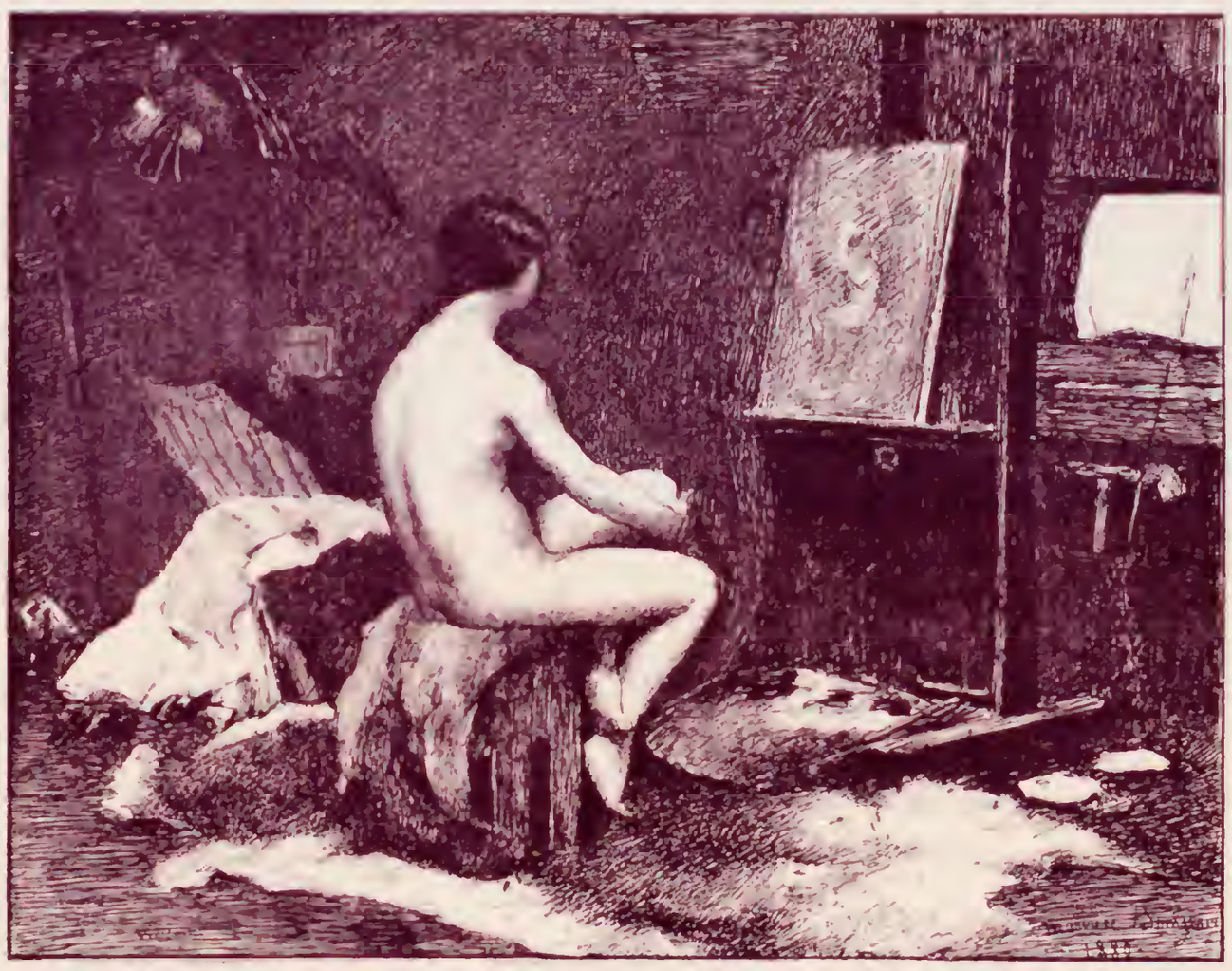
M. Secrétan paid the latter price for it is, therefore, a mistake. The dramatic sale of the picture in Paris for £22,120 took place in one of the most exciting scenes ever witnessed in a sale-room, being exceeded only, it is said, by that of the Murillo 'Conception,' now in the Louvre, at the Marshal Soult sale in 1852, when the approximate sum of £24,000 was reached. What adds to the chagrin with which the French regard the hugeness of the sum that was bidden to retain possession of their masterpiece, is the fact that no purchaser among connoisseurs or collectors could be found to buy the work at Millet's price of £80, and that their own judges of the Salon repeatedly and habitually declined to receive his work."

Among the twenty-one paintings by DELACROIX were his large "Battle of Taillebourg," which we hope to reproduce later; an equally immense representation of a street fight, "28th of July, 1830," in which the "people" are led over the barricade by a "Liberty," much like one of the "pétrolleuses" of the Commune; four or five other quasi-historical subjects, "Mirabeau replying to Dreux-Brézé," "Boissy



FRENCH SECTION.]

MODEL'S REPOSE. FROM THE PAINTING BY BOMPARD.

d'Anglas at the National Convention," the murder of the Bishop of Liége by Guillaume de la Marck, and a reduction of the immense "Death of Sardanapalus" which has been exhibited in this country. There were also two or three scenes from that Shakespeare who, according to the French critics, Delacroix "enthroned in the place of Ossian,"—"Lady Macbeth," Hamlet after having killed Polonius; a "Christ in the Tempest;" a "Medea;" three or four improbable wild beasts, and the surprisingly quiet and peaceful "SHORES OF MOROCCO," of which we give a wood-engraving. In this unusual scene, three or four men land a long boat on the beach, and the steep rock slides down into the bluish-green water. Like his other works, this un-dramatic scene, however, is invented, rather than observed.

In the same outer gallery, under the dome and not far from the "Joan of Arc," hung the great equestrian portrait of the Spanish general, PRIM, painted by HENRI REGNAULT in Madrid, soon after his arrival there in 1868. The revolution just completed had driven out the Bourbons, and the general and his associates were temporarily masters of Spain. The portrait was, however, very little appreciated by the

FRENCH SECTION.]
GOOD SAMARITAN. FROM THE PAINTING BY A. MOROT.

distinguished sitter, who declared that it represented "a dirty fellow with an unwashed face," and, moreover, that he, himself, was not in the habit of appearing before the lower orders of the people with his head uncovered. In his autobiographical notes the painter relates with much feeling the difficulties he experienced in getting a suitable studio—which was in fact a stable—for this work, and the general unwillingness to pose of both his sitters, the man and the horse. The official title of the painting is "Juan Prim, October 8, 1868."

Couture's "Lust of Gold," executed in 1844 and always cited in any list of his important works, hung in a corner in one of the inner galleries. More fortunate than most of the innumerable compositions, satires, allegories and intellectual conceptions which crowded each other in the brain and in the portfolios of this undisciplined genius, this new version of an old preachment found a fitting translation into the painter's best methods. Much of Couture's charm of technique is here—the silvery lights, the pale, translucent flesh tones, the discreet high notes of rich color. The red of the red damask table-cloth is repeated in the scarf of the blond girl in the foreground and on the shoulder of Mephistopheles in the background, and duly set off by the black hair of the second damsel, the very dark shadows and the gray wall beyond. The meaning of the allegory is evident enough,—all the world offers to sell all it has for the miser's gold, the poet, his pen, the warrior, his sword, and Beauty, her breast. On the back of the master's chair "the spirit which denies" leans and looks on.

On one of the walls of the outer gallery, under the dome, the great "Romans of the Decadence" made a "centre," just behind the exhibit of Barye's bronzes, and the only other example of Couture in the catalogue was a portrait of Doctor Ricord.

Paul Baudry was represented by eleven paintings, all of them portraits or heads excepting only "The Wave and the Pearl" of our illustration and the charming figure of "The Little Saint John," with his lap full of wild cherries. The first named appeared at the Salon of 1863 and was bought by the Emperor. The sub-title which it bore, "Persian fable," excited the curiosity of the public and the critics until Baudry discovered his Oriental author in a letter to his friend Olivier Merson, in May, 1863. "Fables are written," he says, "they can also be painted, and—even though I should scandalize you, you for whom I have no secrets—I am my own author . . . . To tell the truth, I had at first thought of, for a title, simply, 'The Wave,' that is to say, of the undulating curve, of the pure and ephemeral freshness of the foam; all of which is very feminine. But, however, the transposition of the idea from the water to the living being is somewhat too much of an abstraction. It seemed to me simpler to make of the wave *the casket* and of the figure, *the pearl*, the pearl offering itself to the light against the bluish jewel-case of the wave. Venus Aphrodite had the same origin. Then, wishing to express above all the virginal grace, the freshness—as it were perfumed with ambergris, of life, the chaste, palpitating suppleness, nothing so well as the pearl, which is a living thing (as Michelet says so well in that of his best which he has written of the sea) would render my idea. For the public, which always wants, like M. Jourdain, to be instructed by demonstrative argument, I stuck on this title. For yourself, do not bother about it. If the Persian tale does not exist, we can invent it. But leave it there. You know,

MORNING

FROM THE PAINTING BY

R. COLLIN

as well as I, that painting and music have many points of contact. There is in them nothing to explain; it is like a melody in which the imagination frames its reveries."

ONE of the prettiest of these "reveries" has been set forth in a painting by an artist very famous, and which the photogravure plate reproduces. M. Bouguereau is in his sixty-fifth year, but he has not yet lost his youth nor his interest in those certain matters of "Youth" and "Love"—especially "Love"—which the poets, the artists and the authors-of-dramas keep agitating long after the rest of mankind have turned their attention to business, politics and other serious affairs. One sits through a long, melodious evening before "Romeo et Juliette," at the Grand Opera, and, when the curtain falls, rises and goes out into the streets, wondering at the great consideration the poet, the composer and the singers have led him to bestow upon a theme so alien. The feud between Montague and Capulet and its probable effect upon Veronese consols, would have afforded sufficient topic, it might be thought. But if Amour does not set armies in motion nor affect the rise of stocks, he contrives to keep an important and numerous clientèle, in the most modern of societies, in daily, practical, bread-winning occupation. Some of these win their wages unfairly, by feigning a zeal they no longer feel; and this lip-service does not always betray itself as promptly as it should. It is, however, difficult for a painter to keep painting idyls when his soul has been touched with the chill of age, or with coarseness, or the mere love of gain,—a certain freshness of belief in his subjects is necessary to maintain his standard even in the Hôtel Drouot. Very many of the poets burn out as they grow gray; M. Bouguereau, who has all the academic correctness, elegance and temperance of an epic poet, still keeps his lamp undoubtedly lit. M. Meissonier's latest and largest works are thought not to be equal to some of his earlier masterpieces; M. Henner seems to be losing his correctness of design; M. Gérôme no longer paints "Ave Caesar's;" M. Carolus-Duran has lived to send to the Salon of the year of the Exposition much the worst of all his pictures. And Bouguereau, who furnished one of the best examples of his grace and imagination, "L'Amour Vainqueur," the year before, this year had two, "Psyché et L'Amour" at the Salon, and "Chansons du Printemps" at the Exposition.

The feuds between the different schools of French painting are by no means so bitter as they were in the days of Ingres and Delacroix; even within the last ten years the atmosphere of the annual Salons has become much more peaceable,—partly owing to the formation of the Société d'Artistes français, in which all methods and opinions are represented on the jury and the recompenses are awarded to idealists and realists alike. It was never the fashion among the latter and their allies to speak of Bouguereau with the hearty contempt which some of them professed for Cabanel, for instance; the most fanatical impressionist admitted the science of the master. A "prodigious science" the more tolerant call it, an "impeccable design." And the great dispute over the quality of his flesh painting seems to turn on a misconception which is unworthy the clever French intellect,—the painter's divinities, Cupids and nymphs are, naturally, not clad in the flesh of coarser mortals; if it is permissible to idealize their forms, why not their textures. Certainly this charming epidermis, so very fresh, smooth, soft and heavenly clean, seems to be a good realization of the flesh of the denizens of Olympus and Arcadia. Homer himself says—apropos of the wounding of Venus by Diomed—that both the skin and the blood of the gods were very different from those of men.

And this artist, while keeping all his science of composition, design and painting, seems to have had something like a fresh supply of grace and imagination given him; few subjects could be older than those he has selected for his latest works, Cupid and Psyche, little Loves whispering in the ear of a young girl. But the two winged lovers drifting through the air—in one picture as babies and in the other as adolescents—are almost as fresh and pleasant to the eye as though no painter had ever essayed

them before; the "Chansons du Printemps" are nearly as new as the Spring herself. In the first place, she is very pretty, this dark-haired young woman, and her overrobe of lilac is exceedingly becoming to that fineness of complexion to which the painter's critics object. In her lap she holds a spray of apple blossoms; other flowers, blue and yellow and red, spring at her feet, and the grass and the woods behind her are of that fresh green of the new year which needs no idealizing of painters. The two Cupids, very blond and very curly of hair, are poised in the air each side of her gracefully; one touches her shoulder with the tips of his little fingers, the other lifts a lock of her black hair to whisper his little foolishness into her ear. To take such a faded, worn-out, unpractical theme as this and make of it something new, refined and distinguished in style—it is much to do in so dusty and anxious an age, and in a country in which the very artists are dulled by that constant yearly apprehension of the coming military struggle for national existence.

FRENCH SECTION.]

EVENING IN AUTUMN. FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARNAY.

M. JULES GIRARDET is a clever painter born in Paris of Swiss parents and not to be confounded with his three countrymen, Karl, Paul and Edouard, all of them born at Neuchâtel. The Swiss and the Swedish sections particularly distinguished themselves at the Universal Exposition, and M. Girardet's four paintings in oil and two water-color portraits were all worthy, even of a pupil of Cabanel. The four paintings were all interested in the same historical period, two of them illustrated episodes in the war of La Vendée, one of them the arrest of a citizen at his own door, under the Reign of Terror, and the fourth, the unlucky "PARTIE MANQUÉE," of our photogravure. Whether it is an elopement or only an allowable social appointment, that is thus brought to disappointment by the accident, the painter does not specify,—for the moment the situation is awkward enough; the officer, who has jumped from his travelling carriage, tries in vain to lift the postillion whose leg is imprisoned under the body of the fallen horse; the lady, in her pretty pink dress, looks on sympathetically, and the peasant, whose sudden appearance on the side pathway may have caused the mishap, tugs at the bridle of the surviving steed as though he wished to bring him down too. Possibly there may be more of his kind behind the hills, and the aristocrats may have a serious quarter of an hour before they escape from their hands.

ANDROMACHE

FROM THE PAINTING BY

G. ROCHEGROSSE

G. Rochegrosse

FRENCH SECTION.] VITELLIUS DRAGGED THROUGH THE STREETS OF ROME.

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. ROCHEGROSSE.

SWISS SECTION.]

A BULL OF THE ALPS. FROM THE PAINTING BY BURNAND.

A number of these foreign painters in the Palais des Beaux-Arts testified by their works that they had found their artistic illumination in that flat country long the nursery of painters—Holland, but, rather curiously, it was not altogether the same light, the same inspiration, that the Dutchmen themselves were acquainted with. The Americans, Hitchcock and Melchers, were among those who had learned to render in their works this clear, gray, luminous aspect of things,—Mr. Hitchcock, very successfully in his latest works, but Mr. Melchers much less so than in his smaller and earlier ones. Some of the younger painters of the German school, those few who are most in favor in Paris, have also done their best work with Holland themes,—one of them is the Saxon artist, Uhde, some of whose strangely modern, realistic rendering of sacred subjects have been seen in this country. Two others are Liebermann and KUEHL; two of their pictures, apparently views in the same establishment in Amsterdam, chanced to hang opposite each other in the gallery. Liebermann—who is a trifle the more famous of the two, and who lives in Berlin—was awarded the Grand Prix by the Exposition jury for his work representing peasant or fisher women mending their nets in the open field, at Katwyck, Holland. His "Courtyard of an Orphan Asylum, Amsterdam," was the painting that made a *vis-a-vis* with Kuehl's "ORPHANS," reproduced in our photogravure, and the similarity in the red dresses of the young girls and in the general aspect of the scenes, seemed to argue an identity in the charitable institutions. Only, Kuehl's was certainly the better painting,—better light and air, a better sense of space and respirableness, and a much better color. In fact, this picture was one of the pleasantest bits of color in the whole German gallery; the clear red of the dresses, the judicious orange-colored drapery on the floor, the gray of the walls and the bit of sunniness seen through the window, all conspired in harmony. Excepting in the uniformity of the red gowns and the bareness of the apartment, there was no suggestion of bereavement nor alms-giving in this cheerful scene and the playful cat on the floor added to the comfortable domesticity. Liebermann's orphans were all out of doors, but they were all a little duller and heavier, a little more Teutonic, than his neighbor's. Kuehl's painting was dated 1884, and he was Hors Concours in his nation's representation.

Mr. Bridgman has already been mentioned in connection with his picture "On the Terraces;" a later work, painted in 1889, is reproduced by the photogravure plate. This is another of his Algerian reminiscences, and, like so much of his later work, offers to the spectator the curious problem, why—being so good as it is—it is not a little better, and why it does not interest more? Here is an admirable painter's subject, well conceived and composed, well drawn, and well painted, and only lacking something indefinable to make it very fine. The subject is a group of women celebrating The Fête of the Prophet in the cemetery at Oued-el-Kebir, Blidah. Their pale yellowish over-draperies harmonize well with the bluish whites of the dome and the marble tombstones; the dark little baby is in red, and the oleanders are red with some yellows and oranges. The distance is a very dark blue, and in the sky is a lemon-yellow light.

M. Henry Havard, summing up the display in the United States galleries, pays Bridgman the highest compliment that a French critic can offer a foreign artist, that of accepting him as a representative of the French school. Says he,—"If you traverse the section of the United States, you will certainly find some painters who owe us nothing; for example, there is M. Johnson, a remarkable portraitist; M. Millet, a fine painter of genre; M. Chase, *luminariste* delicate, by whom one sees some ravishing portraits and some charming landscapes. But for the others, the connection is easy to establish. M. Dannat has drawn his inspiration from the Anglo-American, Whistler; M. Sargent is the favorite pupil of M. Carolus-Duran; M. Boggs imitates M. Luigi Loir; M. Reinhardt remembers M. Butin; MM. Chas. Sprague, Pearce and Harrison are of the school of M. Bastien-Lepage. Finally, here are MM. Allen, Bridgman, Stewart and Mosler, who have become such constant guests at our table that it is difficult to believe that they are not of the family."

One of the most promising of the manor-born members of this family is M. Julien Le Blant, who like Girardet, has a great affection for the incidents of the Civil War in La Vendée, of unhappy memory. Two of the most important of the works he has devoted to this historical theme appeared in the Exposition, and of the more famous of the two we give a photogravure. "Le Bataillon carré" first appeared at the Salon of 1880, and it was one of the best of the battle-pieces of the whole Exposition. Nothing could well be finer in its line than this epic presentation of the imperturbable square battalion of "the blues" making face in all directions against the fierce rush of the stout-hearted peasants, "the whites," who died for the priests and the king. M. Le Blant's second painting depicted the execution

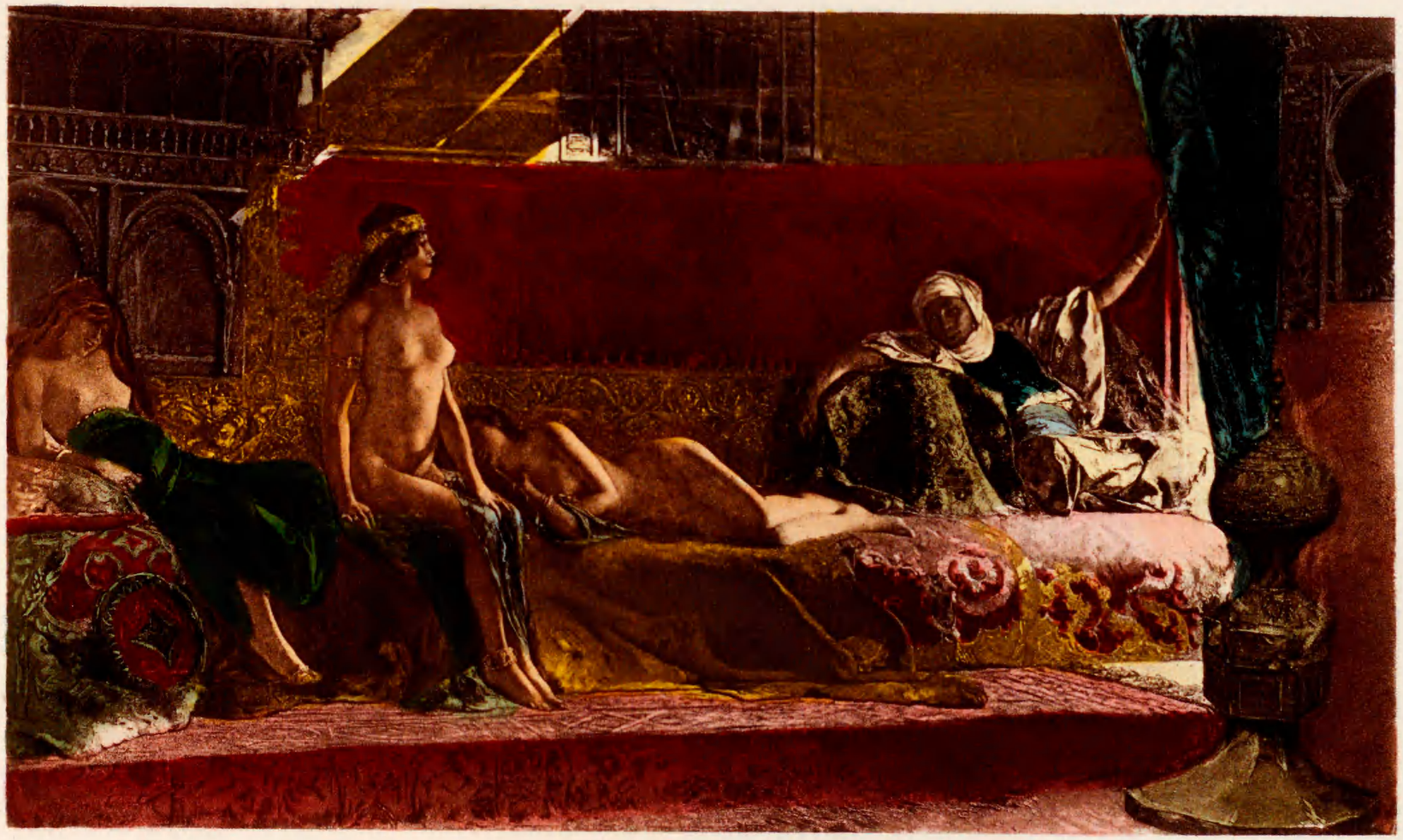
SPANISH SECTION.]

THE STYX. FROM THE PAINTING BY HIDALGO.

THE CHERIFAS

FROM THE PAINTING BY

J. J. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT



in the square of a little town of one of these royalists, General Charette, and his third, coming down to affairs of the present day, was a much less tragical scene, the mid-day mess between decks on a modern iron-clad. Of this we give a typogravure, and the unpromising subject furnished a very good color scheme. The big guns were of reddish bronze, the men in white, with blue stripes and collars, and the white tub in the foreground with its red hoops made an admirable high note. This painting, of the Salon of 1884, is the official property of the Minister of Public Instruction and of the Fine Arts.

A historical painter of another kind is the young GEORGES ROCHEGROSSE, a very good type of the modern French school of painting,—cynical, capable, daring, quite void of anything like spiritual elevation, and yet so alert and ingenious and so well grounded in all the technique of his trade that his works have the breath of life in them, even if, like Frankenstein, they have nor heart nor soul. A pupil of Lefebvre and Boulanger, his rise has been rapid, but his future is entirely uncertain, and he may burn out in mere sterile fireworks, like his "Curée," the murder of Cæsar, of the Salon of 1887. Four years before that he exposed his "Andromache," probably his best work, and the year before that, in 1882, he won a third medal at the Salon with his first picture, "VITELLIUS," reproduced in the typogravure plate. Here is the whole savage Roman story told *con amore*, the brutal, black-headed Latin mob, the swinish fallen emperor in all his agony of terror, and even the bloody meat of the butcher-shop and the decaying vegetables in the street, all rendered with unsparing vigor and truthfulness. If the story is to be told at all, this is the way to do it; but the æsthetic element of art—if there be any—does not enter into this artist's calculations. The picture is the property of the Museum of Sens; "La Curée," of the Minister of Public Instruction and of the Fine Arts, and "Andromache," of which we hope to give a reproduction, of the Museum of Rouen.

VARIETY is both pleasing and instructive, and still another of these typogravures shows another range of ideas and another view of art. M. FELIX GIACOMOTTI is a much older man, having taken the Prix de Rome before Rochegrosse was born, and he has always followed rather closely in the old academic, classic ways—redeeming himself however by painting well. The long list of his works shows a curious mixture of religious and mythological titles, and he seems to pass from Christian to Greek without any particular mental jar. Under these circumstances, it is only natural that his pagan themes should be somewhat the better ones, and it is probably by them that his reputation will survive. In the Luxembourg he is represented by "The Rape of Amymone," exposed as far back as the Salon of 1865, and another of these fine old subjects is the "CENTAUR AND NYMPH" of the typogravure plate. The gallant monster has just carried his fair companion over the torrent and is now lending her his hand for a stirrup while she dismounts, though he seems to think, very naturally, that she might at least kiss him for the portage. The painter's color is rich and full in quality, *grasse*, rather than thin and poor, and this is as true of his portrait work as of his more sensuous mythological compositions. A very good example of this technical quality was his portrait of a handsome young cuirassier officer in the Exposition, a M. G. Dugué de La Fauconnerie.

IN the Retrospective section PUVIS DE CHAVANNES was represented by five of his earlier works, "Autumn," "The Prodigal Son," "The Beheading of John the Baptist," "Young Girls on the Border of the Sea" and the "Life of Saint Genevieve." Most of these were easel pictures; the two Scriptural ones and the "Jeunes Filles" being comparatively small in size. In the modern section of French art, downstairs, however, none of the works that appeared under his name were actually exposed, all of them being large mural decorations *in situ*. These were the "Pro patriâ ludus," the "Antique Vision," the "Christian Inspiration," "The Rhone and the Saône," "The Sacred Wood" and the PAINTINGS FOR THE DECORATION

OF THE GREAT HEMICYCLE OF THE SORBONNE. Of these the first is in the Musée de Picardie at Amiens, and first appeared at the Salon of 1882, where it received the Medal of Honor; the third and the fourth were seen at the Salon of 1886, and the latter is in Lyons; the "Bois Sacré" was in the Salon of 1884 and is also in Lyons, on the grand stairway of the Palais des Arts. The Sorbonne cartoons were shown in the Salon of 1887, and sketches of the right and left wings of the very long decoration are reproduced in our illustrations on pages 37 and 38. The work was the outcome of a commission from the Administration of the Fine Arts, and was accepted at the time as a definite triumph for the school of the idealists and the allegorical painters over the opposition of the realists and the impressionists—whose theory of a mural decoration for this situation would have been a representation of a street-paving, or of an electrical lighting. The central panel of M. de Chavannes's painting shows a central figure,

ENGLISH SECTION.]

SAMSON. FROM THE PAINTING BY S. J. SOLOMON.

personifying the new Sorbonne, a grave young virgin, her arms crossed in her lap and a certain hieratic severity characterizing her attitude, seated on a rock of unhewn marble and draped from head to foot. As the paintings are now placed in the building, she dominates the entire hall and might be said to preside over the labors of the students who throng the benches in front of her. At either side she is supported by nude youths who bear the palms and laurels for the conquerors; on her right stands Eloquence in the form of a young woman simply draped, and, nearer the foreground, are seated female figures, some with lyres and harps, signifying Literature, Poesy, etc., etc. In the centre of the foreground, a stream of water issues from the rock, of whose inspiring draught a young man partakes eagerly, and another offers to drink to a laurel-crowned elder who approaches. Behind them are other virgins, sisters to those on the right.

CAVALIERS CROSSING A RIVER

FROM THE PAINTING BY

L. A. GROS

The panel to the left of the central one is devoted to Philosophy and History. At the right sits a female figure, no longer young, contemplating a skull which she holds on her knee. In front of her, another, severe and erect, touches with one hand the bone and with the other points to the skies, proclaiming the immortality of the soul. On this side of her, a younger woman, smiling, crowned with roses and her robe gaily figured, offers to the monitor a bunch of meadow flowers, "poetic symbol of the creative power of Nature, triumphant argument against the ideal theories of spiritualism." And Eclectic Philosophy, her chin in her hand, looks gravely on. For his allegory of History, the artist has departed widely from the beaten tracks. Here, the messages of the Past are deciphered not from conventional rolls of manuscript but from the excavations on the sites of her temples and cities. At the foot of a colossal ruin the workmen have opened a trench, and a youth pushes aside the branches of a bush that the Muse of History may decipher the inscription on a stone already uncovered. A little boy brings her her tablets, and one of the workmen tries on his own head the casque he has just unearthed. At the extreme left sits an old man with his scrolls of parchment who has been variously interpreted as Diogenes, Lucretius or Schoppenhauer, the philosopher who doubts the utility of thus searching the records of the past—viewing the futility of all human endeavor, or the sage who sees all his science confuted by these new discoveries, the "What do I know?" of Montaigne.

The panel to the right is Science, whose statue at one end balances the ruins on the opposite side of the centre. With one hand this statue seems to partially lift the veil of Isis which covers her visage, and before her pedestal the young men crowd to do her homage, the foremost offering her the first electric spark. Nearer the foreground, others are occupied with the problems of design and, at the other end, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology are represented, bearing their specimens in their hands, in the folds of their robes or as ornaments in their hair. All these figures live in a grave classic landscape, unvexed by storms or cold, and at the back of which the long, curved lines of the skirts of a fir wood serve to unite the whole into one composition. It was much to be regretted that space could not be found in the Exposition buildings for this supreme example of the dignity and repose of French art.

SOME of the foreign nations, as England, Spain and Italy, exhibited their works in sculpture in the same galleries with their paintings; others, as Belgium, banished them to some distant hall. Those of the United States, of which the most important was Mr. Bartlett's "Bear-Trainer" in bronze, were scattered through the galleries of pictures, with the exception of an uncatalogued statue of Diana, which was afterwards set up in the lower galleries, at the foot of one of the main stairways. Of one of the best examples of each of three very important English sculptors we give illustrations, the "Icarus" of Alfred Gilbert, the "Medea" of Hamo Thornycroft and the "Peace" of Onslow Ford. All three of these artists have recently been elected to Royal Academical honors—Mr. Thornycroft to that of a full Academician and the two younger men to that of Associate. The "Medea" and Mr. Gilbert's model for his large statue of the Queen, which has since been set up at Winchester, were hailed as "the two finest and most genuinely original works which have been contributed this year [1888] in any branch of art by English artists." "Mr. Thornycroft's statue," said Mr. Claude Phillips, "fulfils the promise of the admirable quasi-archaic 'Teucer,' by which he first made his fame, and is in point of conception and style superior to the subsequently produced 'Artemis' and the Millet-like 'Reaper.' It shows the Colchian sorceress—calm and self-contained in the consciousness of irresistible power—at the moment when she charms with the magic harmonies of her lyre the dragon-guardian of the Golden Fleece. The serpent-like monster has closely entwined itself round the draperies which cover her lower limbs; this arrangement of the design imparting to it an additional, an almost architectural, severity of aspect, which the sculptor has deliberately still farther enhanced by renouncing, in favor of an almost hieratic dignity of mien and

BELGIAN SECTION.]
EVENING. FROM THE PAINTING BY VAN BEERS.

gesture, any attempt to simulate realistically the suppleness of life and movement. Let us come at once to the chief defect of the work, which is a sufficiently grave one; it is from one point of view only—the front aspect—that it fully realizes the artist's meaning; at the back the draperies hang in a somewhat baggy and unmeaning fashion, without suggesting the form beneath, while from neither side does the conception assert itself with absolute clearness. It is, nevertheless, a work of remarkable power and originality, finely expressed in a style akin to the post-Pheidian but still severe phase of Greek art which preceded the epoch of Praxiteles; that is to say, in a manner in which it is most difficult for a modern, avoiding irresistible temptations to direct imitation, to be powerful and original. M. Thornycroft here displays a successful assimilation of the principles and practice of Greek art, as distinguished from a mere reproduction of its most salient outward features."

Mr. Gilbert is considered to be one of the most promising of the English sculptors, though he is quite a young man. His first master was Mr. Boehm, but he early went to Paris, where he remained a short time in the atelier of M. Cavelier, and then to Italy. In Rome he spent several years, where he is thought to have formed his present style. In the Paris Exposition he was represented by five works—two heads, those of a young girl and of an old man, and three statuettes, an "Offering to Venus," "Icarus" and "Perseus." In the latter, "Mr. Gilbert may be said to have stooped to conquer. Instead of giving us the hero engaged in mortal combat with the monster, he has chosen the simple motive of looking at the set of his winged sandal. It is what may be called heroic *genre*." In the "Icarus" "he had a motive of deeper spiritual significance, and one which, though more dependent upon legend for its sentiment, appeals at once to us, and scarcely needs a hint to explain itself. Whether we know about or care about Icarus himself, it is impossible not to feel that this lithe and strong young man is about to trust himself to those wings, and is pausing before the great moment of venture. The figure is not less easy and natural than that of the 'Perseus,' and by the beauty and subtlety of its modelling, by its variety of picturesque silhouette, its freshness and repose, its fine balance and romantic elegance, it can scarcely fail to appeal to the most dormant artistic sense." This is Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse; and the editor of *The Magazine of Art* thus describes Mr. Ford's "Peace," which first appeared at the Royal Academy of 1887. "It is beyond all question the finest achievement of the year. It is the nude figure of a young girl poised on a breastplate, advancing with a gesture of graceful eagerness, bearing a palm in one hand and carrying a dove on the other, which is uplifted outwards and slightly forward. The composition is strikingly beautiful at all points and possesses wonderful force of expression, while the modelling, in research and finish, is altogether what the learning and skill of Mr. Ford have for some years past accustomed us to look for."

And yet a spleenful French critic, M. Jacques de Biez, thus disposes of these masterpieces:—"There is something sufficiently angular in the 'Reaper' of M. Thornycroft, but the 'Teucer' and the 'Medea' of this artist are 'æsthetic' like the scenes of antiquity of M. Alma-Tadema. It is no longer a question of creation, it is almost one of 'a curiosity.' Very much 'bibelots Renaissance florentine' also, the 'Perseus,' the 'Icarus,' the 'Offering to Venus' of M. A. Gilbert." He admits, however, that "these English sculptors" do well in portraiture.

THE French sculptors have already been alluded to, and the reader may contrast some of them with the best work of the English school. M. SUCHETET'S "BYBLIS," which carried off the prix du Salon

THE SURRENDER OF GRENADA

FROM THE PAINTING BY

F PRADILLA

ITALIAN SECTION.]
COMBAT OF RETIARIUS AND MIRMILLO. FROM THE GROUP IN PLASTER BY EUGENIO MACCAGNANI.

of 1880 and was awarded a medal of gold at the Exposition, was placed near one end of the long gallery of sculpture and had for its *vis-à-vis*, across the aisle, another recumbent figure, Carlés's dead "Abel," which received a Grand Prix. Both these statues were in marble, and in both of them the artists' science of modelling flesh was pushed to the utmost limit of technical excellence. The "Byblis" is the property of the baron G. de Rothschild, and the classical legend is well known—how, enamored of her brother Caunus, she pursued him over Lycia and Caria and, finally, worn out with grief and fatigue, wept herself into a fountain. FALGUIÈRE'S "VICTOR IN THE COCK FIGHT" is a bronze in the Luxembourg, and was brought back by him from the Villa Medicis in 1870, he having already exhibited his "Theseus." It was placed in the Retrospective exhibition, and the only other exhibit under his name was his marble of "Tarcisius, Martyr." The story of SALAMMBO has already been given, in connection with Gabriel Ferrier's painting; M. IDRAC'S statue is also in the Luxembourg, in marble, and was first exhibited in the Salon of 1882. The sculptor, who was a pupil of Guillaume, Cavelier and Falguière, died in 1885. MERCIÉ'S bronze "DAVID" is also a Luxembourg statue, but was set up in the Exposition, in the wide, open space under the dome of the Palais des Beaux-Arts. It was first exposed, in plaster, in the Salon of 1872.

M. MEISSONIER—who has lived to lead the revolt against the old Salon organization and the Société des Artistes français, all because of the quarrel over the value of the Exposition awards—was well represented in that great show himself. In the modern section he had some ten works, though some alterations were made in the hanging, and one picture, at least, was catalogued but not findable. In the centre of the panel devoted to his service was hung his own portrait of himself, leaning his head on his hand and with his long gray beard straggling down over a red mantle worn rather ostentatiously. On the extreme right hung the "Guide,—Armée de Rhin-et-Moselle (1797)," well known by the reproductions, and on the extreme left, a large, long, breezy and sunny "Venice," dated 1888—gondolas ranged along the quay, blue sky and white clouds, all broadly painted and quite unlike his usual work. There was also a mounted traveller, stooping over his horse's neck while the wind blew his heavy cloak out behind him; a study of the interior of the church of Saint Mark; a postillion taking his stirrup cup in front of the "Inn at the Bridge of Poissy;" another "Postillion," he of our illustration, riding off after having finished his journey; "Pasquale," a guitarist, and a portrait of Mlle. J. M . . . , half length and nearly half life-size. The "Jena," which a careful search failed to locate anywhere, was possibly the important battle picture which he sends to his new society's exhibition in the spring of 1890, and which was not completed in time for the Exposition. In the Retrospective section he had nine works, the largest being his new water-color of his "1807," now, happily, in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. It can fairly be said that the copy is not so good as the original; there is even less breadth of effect, and somewhat less truthfulness of texture. The attitudes of some of the cuirassiers' horses in the foreground have been changed, but nothing important in the composition is altered. Much better were some of the smaller pictures, the "Solférino," from the Luxembourg, the "Etcher" and "L'Attente." There was also a sketch of M. Thiers on his death-bed, three portraits and an unfinished allegorical composition, "Paris—1870–1871."

Courbet also—though he is not exactly of the same school—was well represented in the Retrospective section. To the twelve important canvases, which figured in the catalogue, was added, in the later days of the Exposition, his famous "Remise de Chevreuils" from the Secrétan sale. The "Demoiselles des bords de la Seine," of which we give a wood-engraving, may be taken as a typical example of his work and of his motto,—"To translate the thoughts, the manners, the aspect of my time according to my appreciation, to be not only a painter, but even more, a man, in a word, to make a living art, that is my aim." These women, "with their flesh murdered by pleasure," as a French critic puts it, lying in the grateful shade, in a temporary peace, are a tolerably "living" reproduction of an episode of modern manners and customs. Peasant, braggart, vain and coarse as he was, the artist, as has been often said, mixed none of these qualities with his colors—excepting, occasionally, his coarseness, as in some of his nudes; that sentiment, that artistic refinement, which disappeared in speech and action, came out in his paintings and, most especially, in his landscapes.

THE school of the impressionists figured in the Centennial Exposition of French art in good shape. Manet made an important showing; Monet had three landscapes and Pissaro, two. The first named, who is now held in honor rather for showing the way than for walking in it himself, had a whole panel of wall and no less than fourteen canvases, about as many as Millet himself. The effect of this concentrated display was somehow less irritating than the haters of this school might expect. By the time he had traversed a few of these miles of galleries, the visitor became tolerant, or fatigued, and he saw in these paintings a vigorous and somewhat summary way of rendering Nature, which ignores modelling and is not much concerned about aerial perspective, and has but a slight knowledge of the charm of color, but which is, at least, individual and original. In the centre of the panel hung Manet's

PORTRAIT OF MME . . .

FROM THE PAINTING BY

J. BOLDINI